

8/8/71

Dear Phil,

Relet 4, illeg. note: "Does your directory of small publications list Latin American Reports editorial offices ITM, N.O.? If so, I'm interested in every word. Publisher, William Gaudet (did you know him when you were there-he also had a place in Waveland, Miss.)" My interest is unchanged, priorities are. I'll be resuming the book to which that is pertinent when I finish drafting, reading what I've had to resume because of important development - one of the needs of doing too much. I rather suspect that org. is CIA.

Agreed on Ockham. But, when two Senators' offices agree they will ask Library Congress for what they can get with no more than a phone call, and after all this time I hear nothing, that has to shift to the back burner. I'd like to follow it vigorously, for there is always the possibility of serious intent, but I can do only so much more than one man ought try, Agreed on every aspect of "middle".

KT: My entire Innovator file is gone. Whether Ixx loaned it to someone who didn't return or misfiled, I do not know. I'll ask those to whom I might have loaned. I had one copy, enclosed (you can keep). I have no copies ZENARCHY, saw one or more some time ago.

I hope you and Jean can continue with "threat", for I think it should be explored as much as we can. I simply have much too much to do. In the past month I have written on three different books and have concentrated on one, doing about 25,000 words past 10 days or so. If there is serious intent behind this, McG was in N.H. past few days. Campaign beginning.... I've proposed collaboration on a political novel based on this to an editor with a large house. He likes. My problem is not what I imagine to be that of most writers. Rather than having to sweat to get material, I have too much. On too many things. I used to do feature writing and have the instinct still. So, I came across an unusual, unique and true interracial love story, white Hungarian ^{half} ~~man~~ WWII and black US soldier. I have five hours of her first-person account on tape, supplied it to a major house, where everyone who has heard is fascinated, agrees it could make movie, and the person they want to do the writing, a fine black woman, fine choice, is too damned busy! And she longs to do it. But, has contracts.

Let me close with a poetic injustice. To rebuild this aging frame to the degree that can be done, I've taken to morning walks in these mountains. I walk as fast as I can for as long as I can, but because it is tiring I have to walk in only one ~~ext~~ direction, up. The return, by fatigue-time by no means easy, has to be downhill. I have come to enjoy it and it provides thinking time. I'd gotten to where I can do four miles fast. When I get to that point, suddenly every bastard in the country has a mean dog and turns him loose. I've almost been bitten thrice, including this a.m. (used race). The dogwarden has left unheeded notices. And I now have to walk armed, pistol and mace, and can't really relax, as I had. There is a law against it, for all dogs are required to be restrained by fence or chain. And there is rabies hereabouts. This is wild country for the east. Isn't that a helluva way to live, when you can't walk freely? I've never carried a pistol in my life, not even when threatened. In fact, with the first threat I unloaded the pistol (from days when I lived in Washington ghetto and home was broken into regularly) and put the bullets away. But such is the ultra mind, it requires a bad dog and violation of the law and everyone else's rights for a feeling of "security". I may actually have to shoot one ~~ext~~ of those vicious curs. And I've never even hunted. I feed and am friends with the wildlife. My fish come up when they hear the voice, even the bass and trout. Wild rabbits are so tame I have to chase those who live here off the road, or stop the car to come in the lane. Quail feed at the house all winter. Mallards love and breed here, having come to the point where they'll eat off the kitchen steps only. Pheasants come to 20 feet from the house in winter. And here I am carrying a pistol!

Best regards,